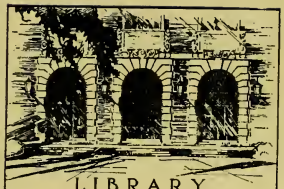

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CASUALTIES.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By MARY GOLDSMITH,

AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY ENTITLED

SHE LIVES! OR, THE GENEROUS BROTHER.

"No Subterraneous Caverns—Haunted Castles—Enchanted Forests
"—Fearful Visions—Mysterious Voices—Supernatural Agents—
"Bloody Daggers—Dead Men's Skulls—Mangled Bodies—*Nor*
"Marvellous Lights, form any Part of the present Work; but
"will be found, on Perusal, to arise out of Natural Incidents."

VOL. II.

London:

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AND SOLD BY JORDAN HOOKHAM, NEW BOND-STREET;
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YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

1804.

CASUALTIES.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

AUTHOR OF "THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY."

IN THREE VOLS.

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LONDON:

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CASUALTIES.

A Novel.

THE letter which our heroine received from Barbadoes, stated in a former page, she immediately answered; but it never reached the place of destination, owing, as it may be presumed, to the chance of war. The impatient Aubery, however, viewed her silence as a mark of apathy and disregard. After some months had elapsed, he again ad-

dressed her; but still his hopes were clouded by silence, and he remained in a state of torturing suspense.

It happened in the course of two months subsequent to Sabina's leaving London, that he arrived in England. His first object was to pay her a visit, and learn from *herself* the reason of such mysterious conduct: but what could equal the distress of the impassioned lover, when he found the woman, in whom his hopes of happiness was centered, flown; and no traces whatever remaining of the fair fugitive? In this distracted state of mind, he hastened to the house were the late Mrs. Delrymple formerly resided: but, alas! that lady was also gone. "Can you inform me," said he to the servant who opened the

door, " where Mrs. Delrymple now lives?" " She is gone abroad, sir," was the answer. " Abroad! do you know to what part of the globe?" asked the Captain. " To Holland, I believe, sir," replied the man. " Pray did any one accompany her?"

" O yes, sir; an elderly gentleman and a young lady, that were married a few days previous to their leaving England."

" Thank you, my friend, for this information," cried Aubery, turning hastily from the door, almost petrified at what he had heard.

" What," said he mentally, " is that angelic form, are those exquisite beauties, consigned to the arms of decrepid age? Robbed of my invaluable

prize! and by a dotard too! distraction! So lovely a flower, blown so sweet, thus to be plucked in my absence by a rude, officious, *withered* hand! But what were my pretensions? Did she ever flatter me with any partiality? Ever give me any proofs of her regard? No. Then why do I presume to claim the privilege of being beloved? Dear amiable girl! but she is gone! lost to me for ever! My fond heart will never cease to idolize the sweet remembrance of her transcendent virtues. But I must fly from thought."

Captain Aubery next paid a visit to his father, whose declining health demanded his filial attention for some weeks.

The information which he had procured at the late residence of the Baroness, was dictated from supposition only, *that* lady having left her house prior to her marriage, and some strange servants had come to it on the preceding day. She had discharged all her own domestics, except her waiting woman; and when the baron came in the morning, he was accompanied by his daughter, whose youth, beauty, and elegant dress, induced these strangers to take her for the bride; particularly as the Baron's coachman and footman displayed the emblems of a wedding, having white favors in their hats. Mrs. Delrymple's woman also had conveyed some trunks and portmanteaus to the

Baron's house, so there was no one to contradict the surmise.

Captain Aubery continued in ignorance of our heroine's fate, until after the death of his father. Here we again will leave him for a short time, occupied in attending the funeral solemnities of Sir Edward, and return to the party in Yorkshire.

They had been settled but a short time, when a singular incident occurred, in which almost every person in this work had their share of interest.

But it will be necessary, before we proceed to develope the above-mentioned incidents, to enter into a full and clear elucidation of each character, which are hitherto known to the reader by name only.

Mr. Wentworth, it may be remembered, left England, when Mr. Melford, his son, was in his infancy, who, by his instructions, was bred up in his mother's name; but as he approached to maturity, Mr. Edwards, his guardian, no longer concealed from him the secret of his birth. Mr. Melford was never blest with the knowledge of his father, having died many years prior to his return.

When Mr. Wentworth had been settled ten years in Bengal, he paid his addresses to an accomplished lady, daughter of a Sir Charles Middleton. At the time of this union taking place, his son, young Middleton, came to England, and, in the space of three years, returned to India. Sir Charles

lived but a short time after his son's arrival, leaving him possessed of an immense fortune.

During Mr. Wentworth's residence in that country, Mr. Onslow, with his sister, arrived, where she was shortly united to Mr. Alton, a man far advanced in years, though she was not more than sixteen.

Mr. Campbell and his sister were also residents at Bengal, and it was there that the courtship of young Wentworth and Miss Campbell commenced. They were all preparing to leave Bengal, when Sir Charles Middleton (the brother of Mrs. Wentworth) was taken suddenly ill: in a few weeks his malady proved fatal.

Sensible that the hour of his dissolution drew nigh, he made his *will*, appointing Mr. Wentworth his executor. After this, he summoned him to his bedside, and deposited in his breast a secret which had long preyed, he said, upon his happiness. It had appeared to his friends, for a considerable time, that his mind laboured under some mystical oppression. He died truly lamented by all who knew him.

Mr. Wentworth never betrayed the trust reposed in him by Sir Charles, until events took place, which (as will be seen hereafter) rendered concealment no longer necessary.

The Wentworth family, with Mr. Campbell and his sister, now embarked for England. Mrs. Alton, in less than

twelve months after their departure, became a widow, in the full possession of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. She soon followed the example of her friends; Mr. Onslow, her brother, being at that time in an official capacity in the company's service, lamented his inability to attend her to their native country.

Her arrival in London having been stated in a former page, it may now suffice to say, that she reached Onslow Park, the seat of her father, the week preceding the departure of Mrs. Wentworth and the young ladies from the metropolis. A cordial friendship subsisted between the widow, Miss Melford, and her sisters; and often, whilst the senior party were enjoying the more

domestic and sedentary pleasures at home, the young people were rambling over the romantic beauties of Yorkshire, frequently accompanied by the following gentlemen, Mr. Markham, Mr. Temple, and Mr. Singleton, all of whom had seats in that county.

Mrs. Alton and Sabina were the universal admiration of all genteel circles. The former lady carried with her an irresistible attraction—an hundred and fifty thousand pounds! It was, indeed, a bright appendage to her youth and beauty, and added a tenfold lustre to her charms. She was possessed of extreme chearfulness, a fund of anecdote, a pleasing countenance, an amiable temper, and lively imagination; but was rather diminutive in stature.

Sabina was the commanding majestic beauty: she possessed a dignity of deportment which awed, whilst it charmed the beholder; her animated fine dark eyes bespoke an heart susceptible of all the exquisite feelings of the soul: she was seldom seen to smile; but when she did, a thousand beauties played about her lovely mouth. Her sisters bid fair for a proportionate share of admiration; but our heroine eminently eclipsed the female groupe: there was a visible melancholy depicted in her countenance which rendered her truly interesting to a susceptible mind. Mrs. Alton grew so fondly attached to Sabina, that they became inseparable companions. Miss Melford did not conceal from her amiable friend her esteem for Captain Aubery;

and intimated her trembling fears for his preservation: his long silence she lamented, as prophetic of some unfortunate event attendant on the chance of war.

One morning, Mrs. Alton paid a visit to Mrs. Wentworth. "I am come, my dear madam," said she, "to rob you of Miss Melford for a few days; we have a party of young people this evening at the park, and we purpose making an excursion to-morrow to the lakes of Windermere."

Mrs. Wentworth consented to part with Sabina, upon condition that she should return in time to receive Mr. Wentworth, who was expected in the course of the week.

On their way to Onslow Park, being by themselves in the carriage, Mrs. Alton began to rally Sabina on her dejected looks. "I hope, my dear girl," said she, "you don't intend to persevere in this pensive mood! poor Singleton is actually breaking his heart about you."—"My dear friend," returned Sabina, "how can I presume to encourage that gentleman's addresses, whilst my bosom is cherishing a passion for another. The beloved image of Captain Aubery is stamped on my heart indeliably. Think you, madam, that, upon so slight an acquaintance with Mr. Singleton, I can banish the recollection of my noble, my generous, preserver?"

"I do not mean you should," resumed Mrs. Alton; "but there is no

harm, my dear, in keeping two strings to your bow. You cannot tell what may have happened, or what may yet happen to frustrate, nay, perhaps totally annihilate your present hopes and prospects with the man of your choice. Mr. Singleton is an amiable young man, heir to an immense fortune. Let these considerations operate as discretionary guides to your conduct; cast not away the proffered gift of one valuable treasure, until you have positively secured the other."

"I admit this to be true philosophical reasoning," said Sabina; "but were I to allow that gentleman a place even in my esteem, would not such conduct appear coquetry?"

Thus continued the conversation, until passing the skirts of a forest; their attention was arrested by a little rustic, apparently about five or six years of age. She was busily employed in picking up dry sticks.

"What a beautiful child!" observed Mrs. Alton; and, pulling the check-string, she ordered the coachman to stop. "To whom can she belong?" resumed she. "There does not appear to be any house near this place."—"I should like much," said Sabina, "to explore the recesses of the forest; for I really never saw so lovely a little creature in my life."

"As it is such a charming morning," said Mrs. Alton, "we will alight, and stroll through the forest."

They did so. Mrs. Alton accosted the child. "Whose little girl are you, my dear?"

"My mammy's," answered she.

"Where does your mammy live?"

"At home, ma'am."

"And where is your home, my love?"

"There—in the forest," said the child, pointing to a beaten path.

The ladies, charmed with the simplicity of her answers, gave her some money by way of encouragement; and, taking her hand, entered the track, which presently discovered to them a thatched cottage. A woman was sitting by the door at a spinning-wheel.

"There is my mammy!" said the child.

The sound of her voice reached the mother's ear. She arose from her seat, and made an obedience with such peculiar grace and dignity, that the ladies stood motionless with admiration.

She was habited in a dress suitable to her humble situation. She evinced some confusion; the unconscious blush which suffused her lovely face, gave additional charms to a countenance divinely beautiful. She was, in figure, above the middle stature; extremely fair; her eyes of a dark blue, mildly languishing under their long black silken lashes. A sweet smile of maternal pleasure, at beholding her little daughter caressed by the strangers, exhibited a mouth set with two rows of snow-white ivory, and adorned with dimples, in which a

thousand modest graces were displayed.

"Pardon this intrusion, my good woman," said Sabina: "this pretty little cherub excited our admiration in this lonely place; and your appearance has increased it. You seem to have known better days."

"I have met with misfortunes, madam," replied the cottager with a sigh; "but in this retreat I have, for more than four years, endeavoured to bury all my sorrows."

"If you will not deem it an impertinent curiosity," said Mrs. Alton, "we will embrace a future opportunity of paying you a visit; when it will afford me infinite pleasure to hear by what cruel turn of fate you are reduced to this

humiliating situation. It may perhaps be in my power to serve you. What is your name?"

"Anna, madam."

"Well, Anna," continued Mrs. Alton, "you will shortly see us again: till then farewel."

"Your servant, ladies," returned Anna, with a polite courtesy; and again sat down to her wheel. The ladies returned to the carriage, and proceeded to Onslow Park.

The whole day their thoughts were engrossed with the fair cottager. "This mysterious lovely woman! Is she not an enchanting creature, Sabina?" said Mrs. Alton: "I really shall feel a secret pleasure in raising her from obscurity. Her history will, no doubt, prove

interesting. In short, I am delighted with my morning's adventure."

When they arrived at the park, Mrs. Onslow informed her daughter, that Mr. Temple and Mr. Singleton had called on horseback; "and on hearing that you were gone to fetch Miss Melford, they set forward to meet you."

"I'm glad we've missed them," said Mrs. Alton, laughing. "These whining sentimental swains! poor things! how I do love to plauge them! I delight in seeing them vexed and disappointed! Besides," added she, "we should have lost the pleasure which our little ramble has afforded us, had they been of our party."

Here Mrs. Alton related to her mother the occurrence.

Dinner was now announced: the company which was expected assembled in the evening, consisting of Messrs. Temple, Markham, Singleton, and several young ladies and gentlemen of distinction.

The following day they all set out on their purposed excursion. Here we will leave them, enjoying the picturesque scenery of Westmoreland, and take a peep at the new married couple, the elder Mr. Wentworth, and the junior branches of the Melford family.

Henry had been placed in a banking-house in London by his grandfather. The two younger sisters were at school. The estate which Mr. Wentworth had purchased for his son, was situate about thirty miles distant from the old family

mansion. Necessary preparations had been some time making for the reception of the young pair; and, accompanied by their father, they took possession the day prior to Sabina's arrival from Westmoreland.

Mrs. Wentworth had not seen her son since the day of his nuptials, he, with his bride, having that evening retired to a villa a few miles from town. She, therefore, informed Sabina, on her return, that she intended paying them a visit. "During my stay," said she, "I shall have an opportunity of discovering more precisely the disposition of my daughter-in-law; and, if I find it consonant with my wishes, you shall not long continue strangers to each other. In the mean time, my dear, you and

your sisters will be happy in the society of Mrs. Alton."

"She is, indeed, a charming woman, madam," replied Sabina. "Wherever she goes, she diffuses happiness around her; her heart is impregnated with genuine sensibility. She unites friendship with candour, humanity with benevolence, elegance with affability, and vivacity with prudence. She has suggested to Mrs. Onslow her intention of establishing a charitable institution for the education of poor children, to be conducted under her own immediate inspection."

"It is a resolution worthy of her generous mind!" said Mrs. Wentworth. "She is mistress of a very affluent fortune; and, having no family, she may

exercise her charitable propensities without injury to any one. O, a thought occurs to me, Sabina," continued she, "which I think will please you. The poor little girls at school, you know, are looking forward to Whitsuntide with high expectation. The time is near at hand; and, as York is but a few miles out of my road to Fleetbrook Lodge, you shall accompany me thither. I will take post-chaise the remainder of the journey, and leave the carriage for the accommodation of you and your sisters."

"This instance of your goodness, madam," returned Sabina, "meets with my warmest and most grateful thanks. You really anticipate my every wish."

Mr. and Mrs. Onslow, accompanied by their daughter, Mr. Temple, and Mr.

Singleton, came to pay the parting visit to Mrs. Wentworth.

In the course of the evening, Sabina joyfully related the circumstance of bringing home her sisters. The visitors were unanimous in their offers to accompany the ladies as far as York. The plan was instantly adjusted. Mr. and Mrs. Onslow proposed, that Mrs. Wentworth, Mary and Eliza Melford, should each take a seat in their carriage. Mrs. Alton to be escorted by Mr. Temple, in his curricle; and Sabina, in the like manner, by Mr. Singleton. The following morning, about twelve o'clock, they set out, as was proposed: the distance not being more than twenty-two miles, they reached York to dinner.

This little journey was perfectly congenial to the feelings of Mr. Singleton; and he flattered himself might prove propitious to his hopes. It afforded him a favourable opportunity of revealing his sentiments to the object of his adoration.

It is to be presumed, that had not Sabina's heart been already subdued by that all-powerful passion, it might have yielded to the melting eloquence of this amiable young man: for it is certain that he possessed every accomplishment, both mental and personal, sufficient to enslave a female heart; but he was not an *Edward Aubery*.

When Sabina, Mary, and Eliza Melford, arrived at the school, they introduced the two little girls to Mrs. Went-

worth, who pressed them to her bosom with maternal tenderness.

"You must call me Grandmamma, my little dears," said she, alternately embracing them: and when they learnt that their sisters had purposely taken the journey to fetch them home, their little hearts bounded with joy.

The day being extremely fine, it was proposed by the party to visit the minster, and other places worthy of observation; after which, the evening was past in cheerfulness, until the hour of rest summoned them to their separate couches. The following morning, Mrs. Wentworth took her leave of her friends and proceeded to Fleetbrook Lodge, and the ladies and gentlemen returned to Onslow Park.

On their way to York the preceding day, a man on horseback crossed the road before them several times; he was habited like a peasant; and, on their return, the same object drew the attention of those who were in open carriages.

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Alton, "how that unmannerly clown leers under his broad beaver; one would imagine he had never seen any thing like a christian before."

"O let the poor fellow gratify his visual senses," said Mr. Singleton; "I will be sworn he never before saw so much beauty, and ten to one he never will again."

The uncouth figure hearing this little *repartee*, drew his hat lower over his face, and rode off.

When they arrived at Onslow Park, the ladies retired to their dressing-rooms, to prepare for dinner. Mrs. Alton and Sabina proposed the next morning taking home the young ladies, and afterwards pay a visit to the fair forester. The gentlemen took their leave early in the evening. On the morrow Mrs. Alton ordered her carriage, and set out with her young friends.

When they had reached within a mile of Wentworth Hall, they observed the same man (whom they before had noticed) walking on the road-side with a book in his hand.

"Look, Sabina," cried Mrs. Alton, "yonder is that odious creature we saw yesterday."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sabina, "what a long beard he has got; the poor man is certainly deranged."

"Should we ever see him again when our swains are with us," resumed Mrs. Alton, "I will request them to urge him on the subject of his apparent misfortunes: if he is unhappy, I sincerely pity him."

Thus comments on the singularity of this mysterious stranger continued, until the carriage drove up to the door. The young ladies alighted. Sabina recommended her sisters to amuse themselves in the garden. "I shall soon return, my dears," said she.

Mrs. Alton and Sabina repaired to the forest. On entering the cottage, they saw the two females seated by the side

of an aged man, partaking of their homely frugal meal. Anna rose to receive them.

"We will not disturb you," said Mrs. Alton. "Come, Sabina, let us take a stroll in the forest. Anna, we will return in a quarter of an hour."

The little girl ran after them, as they withdrew from the door, regardless of her mother's entreaties to the contrary. "Let me go with you, ladies?—O, I am glad you are come again, I love you so dearly."

"Charming innocence!" said Sabina, taking her by the hand; "yes, you shall go with us, my love."

They took a short walk, and led by little Helen, returned to the cottage by another path, which run in a kind of

circular direction. Anna received them at the door with an animated smile of approbation.

"Well, Anna," said Mrs. Alton, "your little girl has gained such an interest in my affections, that I could find in my heart to rob you of your darling treasure."

"I hope, ladies, she has not been troublesome," said Anna.

"O, no; she is a sweet entertaining child," replied Sabina.

"Would you please to be seated, ladies?" said Anna, reaching chairs.

"Was that venerable man your father, Anna?" said Mrs. Alton, seating herself.

"He loves me with a father's fondness, madam;" answered she, "but I claim no kindred with him."

"Your husband, I presume, is dead." said Mrs. Alton.

"I fear he is," replied Anna, blushing as she spoke.

"If you will favor us with your history, Anna," said Sabina, "I assure you the confidence shall never be abused."

"Alas, madam;" sighed Anna, "my life can boast of little novelty; my misfortunes are founded on one incident, yet that *one* has wrecked all my prospects of felicity, reduced me almost to despair, and left me without a single hope of ever knowing happiness again."

" Do not despond, Anna," said Mrs. Alton; " hope is the nurse of life; it supports us under the pressure of all afflictions; it is the last resource in which the pangs of suffering innocence are lulled to partial rest. You are very young, my dear; and certainly it is not beyond the reach of possibility, that, in the vast expanse of duration, you may yet be happy."

" You shall hear, ladies," resumed Anna, " then judge of my situation."

" From my earliest recollection, I was placed at a boarding-school, but by whom I never knew: as I grew up, I was taught to understand that at the age of sixteen I should be sent abroad.

" I often endeavoured to penetrate the secret of my origin, but in vain: the

endearing name of parent never reached my ear.

"A young lady at the school, nearly of my own age, was frequently visited by her brother. During a dangerous fit of illness, which, for some time, she laboured under, she selected me to bear her company. Her brother embraced every opportunity of pleading to me an honorable passion; I fondly listened to the pleasing tale, and my young heart became enslaved. I loved—eloped with him—and was undone." Here she paused, fetched a deep sigh, and burst into tears.

"Cruel man," exclaimed Sabina, "what was his name, Anna?"

"Pardon me, dear madam," she replied, "*that* I have secretly vowed

never to reveal. He was my husband."

"Were you, then, married?" asked Mrs. Alton.

"We were, madam," answered she.

"Proceed, Anna."

"At this time, preparations were making for my departure to some foreign climate. The dread idea of going I knew not whither, of being torn from the object of my fond regard, operated so powerfully on my mind, that I eagerly seized my dear Frederic's offer of a secret marriage. I was conveyed, by his confidential servant, to a village a few miles from London, where he had procured lodgings for my reception. In order to prevent any suspicion falling on him, he was attending the sick cham-

ber of his sister when I made my escape; and there he remained for some hours after I had been missing.

"When the alarm which my elopement had occasioned was a little subsided, he came to me, accompanied by a priest, who immediately performed the marriage ceremony.

"I now thought myself the happiest of human beings. I will not trouble you, ladies, with a recital of trivial occurrences, but hasten to that melancholy part of my narrative which has hitherto embittered every moment of my life.

"Our union, as you may naturally conclude, was concealed from all my Frederic's family. He was a soldier—the fate of war called him abroad before we had been three months married. Oh!

my dear ladies, judge of my feelings at that inauspicious moment. To take me with him was impracticable, for he was ignorant of his regiment's destination; therefore to part was our inevitable doom.

"Before he took his leave, embracing me with tenderness, he lamented the cruel fate which tore him from his heart's most precious treasure. 'Assure yourself, my dear,' said he, 'that I shall omit no opportunity which may offer of corresponding with you; and before the little fund which I now leave for your support is exhausted, you shall receive a remittance. Nay, nay, my love! your distress unmans me! be firm, my angel! we soon shall meet again.' He wrung my hand,

embraced, and bade adieu: nor since that fatal moment have I ever seen him." Here her tears again flowed in abundance.

"Barbarous man!" murmured Mrs. Alton, "go on, Anna."

"The people with whom I resided," resumed she, "strove to alleviate my sufferings by unwearied kindness and attention. When three months had elapsed, I discovered that my situation was such as would encrease my cares: I found that shortly I should be a mother. I now began to think each *week* a *month*, and every *month* a *year*, that brought me no intelligence of my husband.

"Six long months had now rolled over my devoted head, when my land-

lady suddenly informed me, that business of importance would oblige her husband to settle with his family at Catterick, in Yorkshire, the place of his nativity; and should therefore instantly quit their present abode.

" This was, to me, distressing news; I knew not whither to fly, unaquainted, as I was, with the world. I expressed my reluctance at leaving her to mix with strangers.

' That, madam,' said she, ' you need not do; if you think proper, you can accompany us to the country.'

" I cheerfully accepted her offer." ' But how then,' said I, ' shall I obtain any letters which may come for me, addressed to this place?'

'O, madam,' she replied, 'my husband has let the house to a particular friend of his, who will forward all letters that may be sent both for *you* and *us*, with equal safety as though we were upon the spot to receive them.'

"This assurance satisfied me. In less than a week we arrived in Yorkshire. Fatal moment! source of all my misfortunes! No tidings of my dear Frederic ever reached me.

"In due time, my poor little fatherless Helen was born; my money was exhausted—no remittance—wretched situation—upwards of a twelvemonth had now elapsed. One day, with tears, and almost broken hearted, I was expressing my surprise that no letter had

ever been sent me, when the unfeeling woman replied, ‘ Why really, madam, it is no more than what I expected; your marriage not being a legal one, the gentleman has naturally taken advantage of your youth and inexperience, and has now left you to repent your credulity. I am very sorry for your misfortunes,’ continued she, ‘ but it is not in our power to keep you any longer. The trifle which you are indebted to me, I freely forgive you. You must try to procure a servitude, and put your child out to nurse. We are shortly going to leave this village, as it does not answer our expectations.’

“ The most acute pangs of anguish and despair now seized my tortured heart: I gazed on my unconscious smil-

ing infant; I bathed it with my tears—unavailing sorrow. No sympathising friend to whom I could complain; no pitying hand to succour or relieve. Thus was I cast, a wretched *fugitive*, upon the mercy of a stern, relentless world.

"I took my lovely baby in my arms, and hastened to a poor old woman who had attended me in my lying-in: I poured out all my sorrows into her feeling bosom. The worthy creature, with tears of compassion streaming down her furrowed cheeks, said, 'Come to me, my dear young lady; Gaffer and I are but poor folks, God help us! aye, and old too, as you see, madam; but the little that we have, you shall be welcome to partake of, until heaven gives you back your husband.'

"That very night I took refuge with this aged, hospitable couple; and, in a few days, the people whom I had left suddenly disappeared, and went no one knew whither. I would have written to their former residence, but did not know whom to address; and to go thither, without pecuniary aid, was impossible.

"I had been about six months with these good people, when the old man engaged to superintend the felling of a large quantity of timber, and clearing an extensive track of wood-land. He succeeded so well in his undertaking, and perceiving that two or three years would be occupied in the business, he obtained permission of Mr. Edwards to build this cottage."

"Edwards!" interrupted Sabina; "but go on, Anna."

"To this comfortable asylum he brought his wife, with me and my child. The dear affectionate old woman learned me to *card* and *spin*. I assisted her in this occupation: peace and content were the inmates of this humble dwelling, and my poignant sorrows softened to a pensive serenitude. But, alas, my griefs were again renewed; for we had the misfortune to lose the motherly dear creature about two years ago; she died in my arms." Here Anna wept. "Since that period," resumed she, "my venerable friend has viewed me as his child and only comfort."

"But your husband, Anna?" said Mrs. Alton. "It is a duty which you owe to *yourself* and little *daughter*, to make known his name. He may, for aught you know, be pining at this moment in secret anguish at your mysterious fate: perhaps he now sighs the heavy hours away in fruitless researches for the object of his love."

"O, madam," said Anna; "had he ever truly loved, he could not thus have slighted me. If he still lives, (but that I am much in doubt of), may peace and happiness attend him! though he has murdered mine for ever.—Yes, madam, the cruel name I am resolved to bury in oblivion."

"Well, Anna," resumed Mrs. Alton, "I will press you no farther on the

subject. I have listened to your unhappy story, and assure you, that it meets with my sympathy and commiseration. But sympathy is not all that I will offer in alleviation of your sorrows. I will put your little girl to school, and place *you* in a situation which you were certainly intended by nature to adorn."

"Dear, dear madam!" said Anna; "I feel your goodness! but my poor old father, as I call him, he will break his heart, if I leave him."

"No," said Sabina. "The affectionate good old man shall be rendered happy the remainder of his days. The gentleman who employs him is an intimate friend of mine; and when he is made acquainted with his worth, will, at my intercession, I doubt not, adopt

measures to make him comfortable for life."

"Mr. Edwards is, indeed, a valuable man, madam," returned Anna. "Many comforts we have enjoyed at his bounty."

Mrs. Alton looked on her watch—

"Come, Miss Melford," said she, "we must take our leave: it grows late. My dear Anna, prepare to quit this obscure retreat. I will see you again to-morrow. Till then, farewel!"

The heart of Anna swelled with gratitude; she dropped a tear, heaved a sigh, and softly murmured—"Thank you, dear ladies! O thank you a thousand times for my beloved, my tender,

Helen's sake."—The ladies took their leave.

Mrs. Alton accompanied Sabina to Wentworth Hall, where she passed the remainder of the day. In the afternoon Mr. Edwards, who had for some time been confined with the gout, paid them a visit; and, in the evening, they were joined by Mr. Temple and Mr. Singleton. Sabina related to her guardian the circumstance of the old woodman, Anna, and her daughter. He seemed highly delighted with his ward's benevolent proposition, and promised his protection to the objects of her solicitude.

"We must not part this united little family," said Mr. Edwards; "the

young woman shall superintend the care of my family, as my housekeeper is grown very infirm. The good old man may employ himself in the garden."

"The plan which you have suggested, sir," said Mrs. Alton, "I am really charmed with, though it robs me of a gratification which I had promised myself."

"What might that be, madam?" asked Mr. Edwards.

"I purposed making her the offer of my protection, sir, and of putting her child to school."

"Your intention, madam, was liberal, humane, and like yourself," said Mr. Edwards. "But to a mind, possessed of sensibility, a state of sufferance is irksome. With me, she may

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consider herself as a servant, though I shall cherish her as a friend."

The conversation relating to the foresters being ended, and the evening remarkably fine, the young gentlemen proposed a walk. "Go," said Mr. Edwards to the ladies.—"You must excuse me. Leave the two young ones to bear me company; their prattle will amuse me in your absence."

The gentleman took an arm of each lady, and sallied forth. The pale moon shed her silver beams on each surrounding object; and, sadly pleasing Philomel welcomed the rising of the crescive luminary, with melody that echoed through the grove. As the little party approached an arbour, situated at the top of the garden, they perceived the

figure of a man; but before they could reach the spot, he had made good his retreat through the shrubbery. It occurred to Mrs. Alton and Sabina that he was the man they had so frequently seen before; and whilst they were expatiating on the singularity of his appearance, he passed them again, on the other side of the quickset-hedge; but, in a moment, was out of sight.

Some few observations past on this mysterious wanderer. They finished their walk, *and the gentlemen took their leave.*

Nothing of any moment occurred until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, from Fleetbrook Lodge. The reverend couple greeted the young family with the sincerest tokens of regard.

Mrs. Wentworth observed a melancholy depicted on Sabina's countenance. " I fear, my dear," said she, " you are indisposed! you have lost much of that healthy bloom which usually sat upon your cheeks."

" Thank you, madam," replied Sabina; " I am tolerably well. My spirits were never of the most volatile kind."

" Well, my love," resumed Mrs. Wentworth; " but you must dress them up to pay a bridal visit. I am commissioned by my daughter-in-law to request that you will accompany your amiable friend, Mrs. Alton, to Fleetbrook Lodge. You will be charmed with Mrs. Wentworth: she possesses a fund of good nature; a lively imagination; and her heart is susceptible of the tenderest friendship.

Her brother is now on his road from Bath, and will pay her a visit on his way to Scotland, whither he is going to take possession of his paternal estate, which descends to him on the late decease of an elder brother. It is my daughter's ardent wish to select a chearful circle of friends on the occasion, hoping that their society may enliven and dissipate the gloom which long has preyed upon Mr. Campbell's peace. My son and daughter," continued she, " purpose returning with Mrs. Alton on a visit to Onslow Park."

" The high sense of obligation which I feel myself under to you and yours, madam," said Sabina, " will ever live in my grateful heart. A little excursion at the present time will prove con-

genial to my most sanguine wishes—for to you, madam, I dare unbosom my inmost thoughts."

"You may, my dear," said Mrs. Wentworth, "and with confidence too. Proceed, my love."

"You are, no doubt, madam," resumed Sabina, "apprised of Mr. Singleton's predilection in my favour; I am fully convinced of the honor of his intentions; but, I am sorry to say, that it is not in my power to sanction the passion he has avowed. I wish to avoid even giving him an opportunity of repeating his addresses."

"On what pretence, Sabina, is your repugnance founded?" asked Mrs. Wentworth. "Report says he is a very deserving young man."

"Yes, madam," returned Sabina; "and report speaks no more, I believe, than what is in justice due to his merit; but at present I would prefer a single life."

"Come, come, my dear," said Mrs. Wentworth, "be candid. This Captain Aubery, whom I remember to have heard Mrs. Cookson mention—does not *he* maintain the empire over your affections?" Sabina blushed. Mrs. Wentworth continued—"Am I not a true prophetess?"—"I confess, madam," replied Sabina, "that I have not totally forgotten my gallant preserver."

"You are a generous good girl," replied Mrs. Wentworth; "I am persuaded you will ever act as becomes the dignity of your sex, and the acknowledged

relative of Mr. Wentworth—so, my dear, I will press you no farther on the subject."

Accordingly, Mrs. Alton and Sabina, in a few days, set out for Fleetbrook Lodge. They were received by the young couple with sincere testimonies of esteem and respect. Every exertion was made by Mrs. Wentworth to enliven the drooping spirits of her brother, whose palid countenance indicated a rapid decline. Mrs. Alton could not forbear making some facetious remarks on Mr. Campbell's altered looks.

"My dear sir," said she, with a smile, "I really flattered myself that England's beauties would long, ere now, have dissipated that melancholy which pervaded your features in the torrid climes of Asia."

"All climates, madam," replied Mr. Campbell, "are alike to those whose disease is of the mind. But, with your leave, we will change the subject."

"My dear brother," said Mrs. Wentworth, "I must request that you will make but a short stay in Scotland, and join us at Onslow Park: we shall there enjoy the society of your favorite—you know whom I allude to."—"I do, Susan," returned Mr. Campbell. Mrs. Wentworth is an ornament to her sex: she is the essence of every amiable quality; and I shall ever be proud of a place in her esteem. Soon as I have concluded the business which calls me hence, I shall hasten to join your party at Onslow Park."

Mr. Campbell now proceeded on his journey to Scotland. The rest of the family commenced their intended route, taking a circular direction round the country: it was nearly a week before they reached the park.

Sabina, on her arrival at Wentworth Hall, was informed that her worthy guardian had, agreeable to his promise, received into his family the poor old woodman, Anna, and her little Helen. The house of Mr. Edwards was about a mile distant. The following morning, accompanied by her sisters, she paid them a visit. On the entrance of our heroine, the charming Anna took her hand and pressed it to her lips.

In delineating the features of these lovely women, it would, perhaps, be

difficult for an artist to decide which countenance appeared the most interesting. The grateful heart of Anna received her generous benefactress with unspeakable joy. Mr. Edwards, who had been from home, now entered.

"Miss Melford," said he, "I am glad to see you. Step into my study; I wish to speak with you."

Sabina obeyed the summons.

"Sit down, my dear. You perceive," continued he, "that I have, in compliance with your request, taken under my protection this amiable young woman and her daughter; and I am persuaded she will never give me cause to repent what I have done. I feel anxious to know her reasons for concealment; that veil of mystery which

envelopes her origin I wish to have withdrawn. It must be your business to penetrate the secret, my dear; for I am strangely prepossessed that she is a person of no *mean* extraction."

"The account she gave to *me* and Mrs. Alton," said Sabina, "was of a total ignorance of her birth."

"But, my dear," resumed Mr. Edwards, "she could not be ignorant of her husband's name: the knowledge of that might lead to an elucidation of other circumstances."

"That, sir, she begged we would excuse her from devulging."

"Well, my dear, as the enquiry will come better from you than any other person, I must request you will take an opportunity of urging her on the subject."

Sabina promised to make the experiment in a few days. She returned to Anna's apartment, where she had left her sisters; chatted for half an hour, and then took her leave.

The next day Mrs. Alton paid a visit at the hall. "How is my daughter, madam," asked Mrs. Wentworth, "after her excursion?"

"She complains of fatigue, madam," answered Mrs. Alton; "and the *loving husband* would not allow her to accompany me this morning; but, to-morrow, our whole family intend paying you their respects. Mr. Campbell is expected to arrive this evening; and, of course, will be of our party."

"I hope he will, said Mrs. Wentworth: "he is a prodigious favorite of mine, you know."

"I called upon Anna in my way hither," said Mrs. Alton; "and have requested that she would prepare her little sun-burnt gypsey to accompany Emma and Sarah Melford to school.—Pray when do they return, Sabina?"

"In a few days, I believe, madam," she replied. "Then, with your leave, madam," continued Mrs. Alton, addressing herself to Mrs. Wentworth, "I will desire Anna to bring her little daughter here to-morrow evening: it will afford an opportunity to my mother and your daughter-in-law of gratifying their curiosity; for they long to see this romantic beauty."

"O, certainly," said Mrs. Wentworth; "I can have no objection."

Mrs. Alton now hastened back to Anna, gave her instructions as she proposed, and returned to Onslow Park.

In the afternoon Mr. Campbell arrived, apparently in better spirits than usual.

Agreeable to the purposed plan, the following day the three ladies set out for Wentworth Hall: the gentlemen were to join them in the evening, Mr. Onslow having engaged them to accompany him in a chace that morning, and to partake of a hunting dinner at Mr. Temple's.

At the appointed hour, the unconscious beauteous Anna set out with her little Helen. The maternal pang, at parting with her only solace, wrung her heart as she approached the hall.

She wept over, and a hundred times caressed, the object of her tender care. When she reached the house, a sudden tremor seized her frame. Thus agitated, she entered the court-yard, and knocked at the door.

"Be so good," said she to a servant, "as to inform Miss Melford that I should be glad to speak with her."

Sabina came; and, taking her hand—

"My dear Anna," said she, "you tremble! you have been weeping too! don't be alarmed; there is only Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and their daughter-in-law, who are strangers to you; and, be assured, that they are all your friends. Come, my dear, I will introduce you."

She led her forward; Mrs. Alton arose from her seat to meet her. The younger Mrs. Wentworth gazed at her with apparent astonishment: Anna approached; looked up; their eyes met. She exclaimed, "*O God!*" With that breath her life seemed fled; she sunk back; Sabina caught her; and it was some time before they could recal her fleeting spirits. "I am not mistaken!" said young Mrs. Wentworth: "It is the same—I know her well—unhappy girl," and instantly burst into tears.

"Explain yourself, my dear," said the elder Mrs. Wentworth.

"Poor Anna! alas, she revives not," said Sabina, whilst she and Mrs. Alton were supporting her.

"Anna is not her name," said young Mrs. Wentworth. "O madam, it is Maria Thompson! she eloped from boarding school."

"Are you sure of *that*, my daughter?" said Mr. Wentworth, with visible emotion.

"I am, sir," she replied.

"Wife, attend me to my study," said he; "an important circumstance, yet unrevealed, must meet your ear."

They retired. Anna slowly revived: at first she betrayed symptoms of an intellectual derangement; it was, however, not lasting; for soon her reason dawned. She held out her hand, and murmured, "O, Miss Campbell, forgive the lost Maria."

She again closed her eyes; but, in a moment, starting from the couch on

which she had been seated, exclaimed, "My beloved Frederic," At that instant the gentlemen entered the room.

"What is the matter, Susan," said Mr. Campbell to his sister; "did I not hear my name repeated in a plaintive tone."

"Indeed you did," answered she; "but wherefore, I know not. There, my brother," pointing to the fainting fair; "there you behold the improvident —the lovely Maria Thompson."

"And *my* long lost, *my* long lamented *wife*," exclaimed the enraptured Campbell, throwing himself by her side. "And do I clasp thee to my breast again. O, extacy of bliss! look up, my angel; repeat the name of Frederic; he is here to answer thee: Here,

never—never more to part with his adored Maria. Blest, auspicious moment!"

The three gentlemen, upon observing this tender scene, had withdrawn. Mrs. Campbell gazed, but half believing, on her enraptured husband.

"And does my Frederic live?" said she; "Oh, my soul's best treasure!—and has my darling child then found a father too?"

"A child, Maria! O heaven! where, where?" cried he.

"Here, here, you happy creature," said Mrs. Alton, catching up little Helen, whom he eagerly snatched to his paternal bosom.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Wentworth, "this is not a time for expla-

nation; but how this miraculous event took place, unknown to me, is beyond my comprehension."

"Patience, my dear sister," said Mr. Campbell, "you shall be made acquainted with every circumstance at a future period."

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, senior, entered the room; Maria was seated between Mr. Campbell and Sabina. Mrs. Wentworth approached, took her hand, which she moistened with a tear.

"Unfortunate girl," said she, "concealment will now be a breach of duty which you owe to me; for you are my niece, Maria, the daughter of my beloved departed brother; therefore, my dear child, you must now disclose the

secret of your marriage, and your husband's name."

"Behold him, madam, at your feet," said Mr. Campbell, gracefully kneeling to Mrs. Wentworth. "The long miserable Frederic Campbell is the happy, the adoring husband of your lovely niece."

This was a fresh subject of amazement to the surrounding groupe; but all *eclaircissement*, it was agreed, should be postponed until a more seasonable opportunity offered.

Mr. Campbell, who was in a torturing suspence to know the history of his wife during their long and painful separation; and, in order to spare her the confusion she would naturally feel at the approach of strangers, retired to the

breakfast parlour; when the absent gentlemen again joined the company.

"Now," said the elder Mr. Wentworth, "I have but one wish left unsatisfied on earth:—I have found the long-lost child of my friend and brother; if her mother lives, and kind providence brings her to light also, I have strictly fulfilled the injunctions of a dying man: I shall then quit this sublunary life in peace."

And now having found a physician for the desponding Campbell, and a balm to heal the wounded mind of the fictitious Anna; we shall, for a short time, leave the re-united pair and their happy friends, to follow the Baron, Baronness, and Fanny, to Holland.

The reader may recollect that Baron Van Wellenstorf, immediately after his marriage, embarked with his family for Holland, purposing to reside at his paternal estate: but before his departure from this country (as if a sad presentiment of his dissolution had haunted his imagination) he judiciously arranged his domestic affairs, by making an ample provision for his wife and daughter, and appointed two opulent merchants his executors. His brother's son being the legitimate heir to his estate, and whose father had evinced an infinite degree of rancour and disaffection towards the baron, at the epocha when *he* was exulting in the discovery of his long-lost, long-lamented daughter.

This precaution, adopted by the worthy baron, ultimately proved most fortunate for the baroness and the orphan Fanny.

They had not resided in Holland more than nine months, when the baron's declining health rendered it essentially requisite he should change the air; and after travelling some few weeks, they arrived at the German Spa, where he shortly expired in a fit of apoplexy.

The ladies, now under the pressure of extreme distress at so sudden and melancholy an event occurring in a strange place, was impelled to give immediate intelligence to his surviving relations.

The baroness received from the brother of the deceased a laconic answer, destitute even of common politeness. Fraternal etiquette also was unobserved on this solemn occasion; for he unfeelingly gave the widow and orphan to understand that he should instantly take possession of the paternal estate, and give instructions for the remains of his brother to be conveyed to the family vault.

The baroness, shocked at the brutality of her kinsman, totally relinquished the idea of returning to Holland. She continued at Aix-la-Chapelle until the deceased lamented baron was removed.

Fanny, who so late had been restored to the arms of a fond parent, became

inconsolable for his loss; and it was not until they had been some months returned to England, that her sorrows, in any degree, subsided: though she had learnt to appreciate the true value of the amiable baroness, yet she saw herself now irrevokably deprived of one of the most endearing ties in nature.

On their arrival in England, Mr. Cookson, whom the baron had appointed one of his executors and guardian to his daughter, insisted upon the baroness and Miss Wellenstorff continuing in his house until she had engaged *one* to her satisfaction, and it was made ready for their reception.

The welfare of Sabina next occupied the attention of the ladies; the baroness

addressed to her an affectionate letter, to which Fanny added a postscript. This welcome epistle reached our heroine on the day of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's nuptials, which were celebrated with great magnificence: Mr. Wentworth having recommended a repetition of the marriage ceremony in the protestant church, prior to his resignation of her fortune, which, by her father, Sir Charles Middleton, was vested in his hands; but the extent of which, the good old gentleman thought proper to conceal from the happy pair, until they were re-united.

When they were returned from church, Mr. Wentworth requested the bride and bridegroom would attend him

in his study, and taking the hand of his neice, he addressed himself to Mr. Campbell as follows.

" It has afforded me, sir, the highest satisfaction this morning, that, in the presence of Almighty God, I have presented to you the daughter of my deceased and much regretted friend; and when I arrive in London, sir, I shall have the pleasure of putting you into the possession of a splendid fortune, bequeathed to her by her father: a sum of fifty thousand pounds! Wealth, Mr. Campbell, is a necessary ingredient in the matrimonial compound; but I never can admit of its being the true and efficient cause of felicity. Marriage is a divine institution; and *I* argue, and reason informs me, that the object

whom we select on that important occasion, should possess our tenderest regard. *Nay*, it is a duty we owe to one another, as also to ourselves, that we scrupulously examine *the heart*, for it is prone to dissemble. The visual senses are oftentimes dissonant to the nobler faculties of the mind; but if the union is founded on the basis of reciprocal love and friendship, money is then considered as an appendage *only*, to the more exalted and refined passions. *An union of souls*, from whence spring the most delicious fruits. In this observation, Mr. Campbell, I take a general survey of human nature; and presume, that were those sentiments more frequently realized, we should have infinitely less business for Doctors

Commons; and the ecclesiastical annals of our country would not have so many instances of dignified misery on record. In you, sir, I behold an example worthy of imitation: and may the pure flame which lighted up the nuptial torch, burn to the latest period of your life. You, my dear niece," continued Mr. Wentworth, "by your inimitable perseverance in the path of honor, have evinced to an admiring world, that an instinctive principle of virtue—an inherent greatness of mind, is not to be shaken by adversity; and may you live long to enjoy your splendid inheritance, united to every invaluable blessing which accompanies a reciprocal union." He embraced his niece, shook the hand of her husband, and quitted the room.

The day subsequent to the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, they set off to his seat in Scotland, accompanied by Sabina and her sisters, Mary and Eliza Melford. The former, previous to her departure, wrote a long epistle to her beloved friends, the baroness and Fanny, adding, that on her return from an excursion into Scotland, where she proposed to herself the happiness of paying a visit to her dear Mrs. Drummond, if living, she should be in London; as Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth intended residing in town for the winter. She also lamented her total ignorance of the fate of Captain Aubery.

And now, in order to throw some light upon the subject of Mrs. Campbell's origin, which has hitherto been

only obliquely hinted. We shall leave them to pursue their route, and enter into a clear elucidation of such circumstances as lead progressively to future discoveries, not of the least moment to the interest of this work.

Mr. Middleton, the father of Mrs. Campbell, came from Bengal to England a short time after his sister's marriage with Mr. Wentworth, where he had resided three years; and, from the subsequent events which will appear, it is to be presumed, he felt but little inclination to return again to the east; but being a minor, and consequently dependant on his father, who, at that time, was living, such a step could not be avoided.

During his stay in this country, he became tenderly attached to a young lady, eminent for her beauty and accomplishments; and it was not until a peremptory letter arrived from his father to recal him home, that he saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood. To tear himself from the beloved object he felt would embitter every moment of his life; yet, such was the situation of his affairs, that he must sacrifice his happiness to the commands of parental authority.

Miss Thompson was the orphan daughter of an indigent clergyman, but had been adopted by a distant relation, a widow lady of small fortune, residing in the neighbourhood of St. James's,

where she occupied a genteel lodging-house, for the reception of small families.

It was to this house that *fate* directed the steps of Mr. Middleton. He was soon captivated by the charms of Miss Thompson. She so effectually enslaved the heart of the young *Nabob*, that he totally lost sight of all parental ties, and every other consideration which bound him to his native island. The consequence of this unguarded attachment was the violation of Miss Thompson's honor; and a few months previous to Mr. Middleton's leaving England, she was delivered of a daughter.

Vows of eternal fidelity appeased the wrath of the incensed matron. He assured her that he should ever consider

Miss Thompson as his affianced wife, and would send for her to Bengal after he had broken the matter to his father; mean time, he proposed placing the child in the Foundling, as the most effectual mode of preserving the character of the mother.

Miss Thompson felt the pangs of maternal solicitude for her infant; but when she reflected on the immensity of space which was to separate her from its father, and the uncertainty there might be of never seeing him more, she consented to the proposition.

He accordingly provided a person to convey his little daughter to the Foundling, at least to the belief of its mother and her relation: but Mr. Middleton's intentions were otherwise; he confided

her to the care of a confidential friend, to see her properly nursed during her infancy; after which, he gave instructions for her education.

His reasons for this act of seeming duplicity was founded on a principle which reflected the highest honor on his feelings. He cherished the fond hope of reconciling his father to his union with the woman of his heart; if not, he resolved to encounter his resentment, by declaring that he had married a lady in England. He fondly anticipated the joyful tidings it would be to Miss Thompson, when he should send for her, and she should learn that her little girl would accompany her to the arms of a fond father. With these pleasing sensations he bade adieu to his adored Maria, and embarked for India.

Alas! on his arrival in Bengal, this dream of happiness fled like a vision; all his hopes of felicity were crushed in the bud, and totally annihilated. He reached Bengal but just in time to receive the last injunctions of a dying father, which was to ratify a prior engagement with a lady of that country, selected by his father, or forfeit his inheritance.

Nothing now remained but an adherence to the duty so rigidly imposed on him, and to obliterate from his heart the cruel remembrance of an unfortunate passion.

Months—years—elapsed; but the poor, deluded, forsaken, Maria, gained no intelligence of the perjured Middleton. But time, which tends to reconcile us to the most poignant anguish,

abated those sorrows that had long invaded her peace. A match of interest offered; it was accepted; she married; and, with her husband, left the kingdom.

In the space of ten years from this period, Mr. Middleton was left a widower. He instantly wrote to his confidential friend in London, requesting him to seek for the injured Miss Thompson, and to disclose to her the particulars of all that had occasioned his long silence; to beg her acceptance of his hand, in addition to the heart she had long possessed: and, with her daughter, who was then at school, immediately to embark for Bengal.

But, alas, the time was past! the unhappy Maria had taken refuge in the arms of a doating husband; the old lady

with whom she had lived, was dead, and no traces, whatever, remained of her flight. These were the sad tidings which Mr. Middleton received.

Cruel retrospection this to a feeling mind! every hour of his future life was imbittered by the sad remembrance of past events. Imagination figured to him the hapless fate of the lovely Maria, whom, for aught he knew, was driven by the keen arrows of despair, to some miserable retreat; sunk in oblivion's melancholy shades; unprotected, unregarded by a pitiless world; stung to the heart, upbraided by conscience, he deplored, when too late, the dire consequences of a juvenile passion. No children by his wife; the injured Maria lost to him for ever; he became doubly soli-

citous for the welfare and preservation of her beloved offspring.

He accordingly sent instructions to his friend to spare no expence on the education of his daughter, which, when she had completed, to send her out to Bengal.

This pleasing idea he fondly cherished. The lovely image of the much-lamented mother he hoped to view in his daughter: but, alas! that hope was never to be realized. The period arrived which was to restore her to his paternal arms; but what could equal the shock he sustained, when he received, instead of his daughter, the intelligence that she had eloped from school, but with whom, he could never learn. This circumstance

it was that Mr. Middleton disclosed to his brother-in-law, prior to his decease.

When Mr. Campbell parted from his wife to join his regiment, he was ignorant of its destination. On his arrival at Plymouth, he learnt that their route was to Bengal. He wrote to Mrs. Campbell from Plymouth, and again addressed her from the first port they put in at: but these, as well as all subsequent letters were intercepted.

He had been but a short time resident in Bengal, before he learnt the regiment would become stationary in the island. He determined to sell his commission, and appropriate the money to merchandize. He sent his wife a remittance by the first vessel that sailed to England, requesting her to join him as

soon as possible, naming the ship which was to convey her.

During an interval of twelve months he eagerly anticipated the moment of her arrival, while she was pining in secret anguish at his apparent neglect. Her youth and inexperience rendered her the easy victim of treachery and dissimulation. The people with whom she lived received her letters, and turned them to their own private advantage, then deserted her in the way which has already been stated, and which reduced her to a situation replete with wretchedness.

The husband's sensations may be better conceived than described, when the ship arrived in which he expected his wife: but, alas! no *intelligence* even

reached him of her mysterious fate. Another ship in the same fleet brought his sister, with an injunction from his father to take her under his immediate protection. Had not this unexpected event occurred, he would instantly have abandoned every other consideration, and flown to England, in search of the object nearest his heart.

It was about this time that he became acquainted with the Wentworth family. Sir Charles Middleton was then in a declining state of health: and strange to relate, these two gentlemen were both sinking under the pressure of extreme grief, unacquainted with the cause of each others sorrows; yet, both lamented the loss of the same identical object. Had a mutual confidence been

exchanged by the husband and Sir Charles Middleton, previous to his death, those vile suborners of Mrs. Campbell's peace might have been pursued and detected in their career: But fate had ordained it otherwise, and he died in total ignorance of every circumcumstance which afterwards took place.

Mr. Campbell was now enjoying, in its full extent, that genuine felicity which flows from virtuous love. After visiting Scotland they returned to Fleetbrook Lodge, and from thence to Wentworth Hall, where preparations were making to leave the country for the winter season. Mr. Campbell first took his departure, in order to fix his town establishment, having been returned member for the Borough of ——;

during the winter he was to take his seat in parliament.

Sabina secretly looked forward with the pleasing anticipation that, when in London, she might chance to procure some tidings of her much-lamented Aubery; as, also, a re-union to the society of her amiable friends, the baroness and Fanny.

One evening whilst she was indulging these pleasing ideas, she was suddenly summoned to attend her grandfather in his study. This interview crushed, at once, the hopes she had been fondly cherishing relative to Captain Aubery. Mr. Wentworth informed her that Mr. Singleton had solicited his permission to pay his addresses.

"I have," continued he, "sanctioned his pretensions; and, if it accords with

your sentiments, my dear, such a union will afford me the highest satisfaction. He is a young man of distinguished worth, and heir to a splendid fortune."

Sabina felt at this moment the separate emotions of love and duty; gratitude strongly operated to inforce compliance with the wish of her venerable relative; but a tender passion, inspired by the noble Aubery, struggled in her bosom, and whispered to her heart that happiness was centered in him, and him alone.

Mr. Wentworth perceived her embarrassment, which he attributed to female coyness.

"What say you, my dear Sabina?" resumed he.

"It is to you, sir," replied she, "that I owe my present happiness: I shall ever be obedient to your commands."

"You mistake me, child," said Mr. Wentworth, "I do not mean to lay my commands on you; I only offer my opinion that such a match would prove an eligible one; I leave the rest to your discretion."

"At present, sir, allow me to say, that I should prefer a single life. I shall ever respect and esteem Mr. Singleton, as the gentleman whom you have selected on so important an occasion; and be assured, sir, that I shall never change my situation without consulting you."

"Enough, my dear, for the present; I will drop the subject, in the fullest

assurance that you will never make an imprudent choice."

Mr. Singleton having been informed of Sabina's favorable sentiments, became a constant visitor at the Hall during their stay.

Mr. Onslow's family, the Wentworth's, Mrs. Campbell, Sabina and her sisters, accompanied by Messrs. Temple and Singleton, forming, altogether, a most splendid cavalcade, set out for the metropolis.

We will now leave them for a short time, and follow our hero.

Captain Aubery (now Sir Edward) in a few weeks after his father's death, took an excursion into Yorkshire, under the flattering persuasion that he should be able to procure some certain intelli-

gence of Sabina. Arrived at a village within a mile of Wentworth Hall, he learned from the peasantry, that the house had undergone repairs and alterations; the ponds enlarged; the park and pleasure-grounds improved; that it was now the resort of much fashionable company; that Miss Melford's beauty and amiable qualities were the admiration of the country; and that her hand was solicited by several gentlemen of birth and fortune.

From that moment Sir Edward assumed a disguise; and he it was, the elegant, the all-accomplished Aubery, who had, from his uncouth appearance, so frequently been the subject of speculation.

The circumstance of Sabina being married to an old man, and leaving the

kingdom with her friend the baroness, he clearly perceived was a fabrication; but the silent contempt she had evinced by never acknowledging the receipt of any of his letters, taught him to believe that her heart was devoted to some happy rival.

He continued in Yorkshire for a considerable time, often stealing an unperceived glance on the object of his tender regard.

One morning, after having penned a letter descriptive of a mind tortured by suspence and hopeless anguish, he determined himself to be the bearer under his assumed disguise; when, to his utter dismay, he met a large party, consisting of three carriages; in one of them he espied Sabina, lovely as the

opening rose. His soul sunk within him; he gazed unnoticed on that angelic figure, which a secret impulse told him, was now lost to him for ever.

Thus absorbed in a wild chaos of crowding ideas, he stood gazing upon vacancy after the carriages had passed, when a labouring man came up. Sir Edward accosted him.

"Can you inform me, my friend, who those were that passed just now?"

"All as I know about 'un," said the man, "is, that 'tis the strange gentlefolks from Wentworth Hall, going, they say, to get a young couple married."

"Married!" reiterated the impassioned Aubery. "Who is going to be married?"

"Why a man and a woman, I trow," returned the peasant; "but it can be no concern of yours or mine. A young chap told me, coming along, that how a nice handsome wench at squire Edwards's, was going to take a man for better for worse, as I said when I took my Peg, and a sorry take it has been for me, master; but that's neither here nor there, so good bye to you, friend."

"My dread apprehensions are then realized!" said Sir Edward to himself; "I remember to have heard the dear girl mention the name of Edwards—he is her guardian. No doubt remains but my adored Sabina is the person alluded to. Adieu then to happiness; adieu to all that rendered life desirable. This inauspicious day gives a fatal stab to all

my future hopes of wordly joy! O, give me, gracious heaven, a soothing draught of Lethe's stream, to pour a deep oblivion on my soul, and drown the sense of memory for ever."

Thus tortured by imaginary woes, the desponding Aubery returned to London.

Our heroine had not been in London twenty-four hours, before she flew to welcome the return of the baroness and Fanny. Their joy at meeting was reciprocal; but Sabina's was clouded by the following circumstance related by the baroness.

That lady had, on her arrival in England, called at her late residence, where she became minutely acquainted with the whole conversation that passed

between the servant and an unknown gentleman: it immediately occurred to her that the stranger was Captain Aubery. Sabina's ideas corresponded. "Oh, heavens!" said she; "then he thinks me false! that I have given my hand to another; I shall never behold him more. Yes, my dear friend," continued she, "I am proud to confess, that since propitious fortune has smiled on my future prospects, I have treasured up his noble image in my heart: it has been the sacred repository of his intrinsic virtues. I have never harboured a rival in his affections—no, not even in thought,—though my much revered grandfather has delicately intimated his wishes that I would unite my fate with a gentleman of distinguished worth; but he has for-

bore to lay any restrictions on my conduct. Mr. Singleton, (for that is the name of my admirer), I have been seriously alarmed in discovering, has, unknowingly, made a tender impression on the heart of my sister Mary: she has revealed to me the passion he has inspired; and I much fear it is a canker-worm that feeds upon her happiness. Tell me, my dear friend, what line of conduct I ought to pursue; how shall I avoid the proposed union? how avert the cruel destiny which threatens to overwhelm two wretched sisters?"

"Attend to me, Sabina," answered the baroness. "When you take a retrospective view of all that's past, your own good sense will force you to acknowledge, that through the most af-

flicting vicissitudes you have been the peculiar care of a watchful providence. And I have no doubt but that fate has yet in store for you blessings which you are not permitted to descry, but which will render you ample restitution for all your past sufferings. I will take upon myself an office, which, I trust, will shortly ease your mind of every doubt relating to your justly beloved Aubery. He is a captain, you know, in the royal navy; therefore, as a public character, cannot be long concealed from general information: I request, my dear, that you will adhere to my instructions; and in process of time, your charming sister may imperceptibly become your rival." The baroness paused. "O my best friend," said Sabina; "Do, pray do

proceed, and ease my suffering impatience!" The baroness resumed, "When Mr. Singleton visits you, treat him with politeness and respect; but when he talks of love, do not dissemble; and by that apathy which nature dictates, if he possesses a nice discrimination, he will soon discover that your heart beats not for him. Always receive his visits in the presence of your sister; and occasionally leave the room on some frivolous pretence; he may be tempted in your absence to plead his passion to your sister, urging her to become his advocate, and seize, perhaps, her trembling hand—her averted eyes—her faltering voice, and unconscious blushes, will speak the involuntary index of a new-fledged love. Female delicacy, Sabina, forbids not these little stratagems."

" My dear madam," returned Sabina, " you have restored sweet hope to my desponding bosom."

Fanny now returned to the room, who had at the beginning of this conversation been summoned to attend her dancing-master. The baroness continued; " Now, Sabina, since I have in some degree relieved your mind of a load of anxiety, I must acquaint you with an incident which nearly concerns you—your amiable brother."—" Have you seen him, madam?" asked Sabina. —" I have, my love," replied the baroness: " Chance directed my steps to the very banking-house where he resides. I recollected his features, entered into conversation with him, and gave him a general invitation to visit at

my house, which he politely accepted: the result Frances can best inform you of. Come, don't blush, my dear!"—addressing herself to Fanny.

"Yes, my Sabina," said Fanny: "your brother has gained an interest in my heart; I ever viewed his sex with indifference, until the moment I beheld him, the lovely counterpart of my dear Sabina. I felt the sweet delirium thrill through every nerve. I own the generous flame!—but he is unconscious of the tender passion he has inspired."

"O my sweet friend!" said Sabina; "is it possible that the diffident, the humble Henry Melford, is beloved by her whom princes might contend for?"

"Come, come, Sabina," said the baroness—"encomiums among friends

appear ceremonious. The ties of nature bind you to your brother: Fanny loves him; she has been your sister in misfortune, and sympathy has cemented between you a tender friendship: you love them both; her fortune is at her own disposal; and I am free to confess my opinion, that Henry Melford is in no one instance inferior to Captain Aubery. They are both charming young men, and I sincerely hope were born to make you happy. But with your leave, ladies, we will dismiss this subject for the present. I have an hundred things to say to you, Sabina. Poor Mrs. Drummond;—how happy would that worthy creature have been had you arrived in Scotland prior to her decease." —"Indeed, madam," rejoined Sabina,

"no person could more truly lament her death than myself. But, I trust, her exemplary life has secured her in a blest eternity that beatitude her sainted spirit long panted to arrive at. But, my dear friends, I must now take my leave—and to-morrow, if nothing occurs to prevent me, I will dedicate the whole morning in relating to you the remarkable narrative of Mrs. Campbell: she is very beautiful; and when she smiles, she greatly resembles you, madam."

"Who was this lady previous to her marriage?" asked the baroness.

"A niece of Mrs. Wentworth's," replied Sabina. "But I will tell you all to-morrow. Adieu ladies, I shall wait on you at an early hour."

Mr. Wentworth, on the marriage of his son, put him in possession of his town residence; a splendid mansion in Portland Place, fitted up in a stile of eastern magnificence. He engaged for himself a smaller house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, leaving instructions with his tradespeople to have it in readiness on his return to town—thither he repaired with his wife and grand-daughters.

As soon as Mr. Campbell had arranged his establishment, he became indefatigable in his researches after the man and woman under whose roof he left Mrs. Campbell when he quitted England. It was proved by concomitant circumstances, that those wretches had not only with-held from her all her

letters, but also defrauded her of the remittances which accompanied them; but all his efforts proved abortive; no intelligence could be procured of their retreat, until one morning, as Mrs. Campbell, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the younger Mrs. Wentworth, was going to a jeweller's near Charing-cross, she observed, from the window of the carriage, a woman standing at the door of a second-hand clothes-shop, whom she recollected to have seen before; and it instantly occurred to her that she was the unfeeling monster who had been the cause of all her unmerited sufferings. This she communicated to Mr. Campbell, who with indignation flashing from his eyes, hastened to procure proper officers, and repaired to the

house. On their entrance, the woman's guilt-struck conscience was evidently depicted in her countenance. The injured husband of her innocent victim exclaimed—"Woman, I thank heaven, that I, at last, have found thee! the moment of retribution is at hand."—Then turning to the officers of justice—"Do your duty, gentlemen, there is your prisoner."

She was attempting to justify herself when her husband entered, who being an accomplice, was also taken into custody. The last letter sent by Mr. Campbell to his wife contained a draft upon his agent in London. This very draft, it was proved upon evidence on the trial, had been presented by this identical man: he was condemned to suffer that

punishment due to his crimes. The woman was sentenced to transportation. Thus ended the career of a miserable couple, who basely attempted to found their happiness on the downfal of an innocent unsuspecting woman.

Sabina, agreeable to her promise, the ensuing day waited on the baroness—and, exclusive of the illegitimacy of Mrs. Campbell's origin, which she concealed from motives of delicacy, related the particulars of her singular narrative. A few days subsequent to this interview, the baroness being on a visit to Mrs. Cookson, expressed to that lady a wish to be introduced to the Wentworth family. At that moment Mrs. Alton was announced, who informed them, that the whole groupe of friends purposed

visiting Drury-lane Theatre that evening; and as the boxes were taken for that purpose, it would afford her the greatest pleasure if the baroness and her daughter would take a seat in her carriage, as it would favor her with an opportunity of bringing them acquainted with each other.

The baroness thanked Mrs. Alton for her polite attention, and that she would do herself the honor to accompany her.

It so happened that the elder Mrs. Wentworth, with her daughter, and Mrs. Onslow, were seated in one box; Mrs. Campbell, Sabina, her brother, and sisters, with Messrs. Temple and Singleton, in the adjoining one. Mrs. Alton, therefore, conducted the baroness

and Miss Wellenstorff to that which was occupied by the three former ladies, where an exchange of compliments naturally took place, until the curtain drew up.

About eight o'clock, the married ladies were joined by their husbands, which completely filled the two boxes—unfortunately for the fluttering coxcombs, many of whom, with the aid of glasses, espied beauties they had never before observed to grace the theatre.

"Who could they be?" was the geral buz.—A party of East Indians it was justly concluded, by the profusion of diamonds worn by several of the ladies.

Poor Sabina cast her wandering eyes into every box; hope figured to her

imagination that Aubery might be there. Her attention was suddenly arrested by the distress of Louisa Dudley, (the performance of the evening being the *West Indian*); it re-called to her remembrance her own situation, when rescued by him, who at that moment occupied her thoughts. But in vain she gazed: no Aubery was presented to her eager view. Mr. Singleton, who had been a silent observer of Sabina's countenance, had heard her heart-drawn sighs during the evening, began, more than ever, to suspect that her affections were engaged prior to his acquaintance; but, having no positive conviction of it, he admired her too much to relinquish his pretensions. But an event soon occurred, that confirmed his suspicions, and deter-

mined him to conquer an unfortunate predilection, which time, he feared, would render fatal to his future peace.

Fanny was comparatively happy; the modest advances progressively made by Henry Melford, taught her to believe that she was not totally indifferent to him. Previous to the party separating for the night, the baroness received a general and polite invitation, which she cordially accepted.

The ensuing day the baroness, after having made some enquiries about Captain Aubery at the admiralty, she paid Sabina a visit, bearing the unwelcome tidings that he had sailed on a cruise about three weeks.

Mrs. Wentworth was from home paying some morning visits, which af-

forded the two friends a favorable opportunity of expatiating on an attachment which seemed to threaten the most cruel disappointment.

During this conversation, Mr. Singleton called, as was his usual custom, and immediately advancing to the parlour, his ear caught the name of Aubery, pronounced with a melancholy emphasis: he halted at the door—Sabina wept, and again sighed '*Aubery*.'

"Enough," said he to himself, "my prediction is indeed realized. If the allusion is to the gallant captain of that name, he was my fellow collegian, and I have little chance of supplanting him in any woman's affections; for nature fomed him the idol of the female sex."

With these sensations he went in search of her sisters, whom he found preparing dresses to wear on the following day; there being a large tea and card party invited by the junior Mrs. Wentworth. He threw himself into a chair, fetched a heavy sigh, and murmured out, "happy, happy Aubery."

The countenance of Mary Melford suddenly changed at these words, and turning to Mr. Singleton—"Have you seen him, sir?"

"Seen who, madam?" asked he.

"Captain Aubery, sir," answered she; blushing as she spoke.

"Not lately, madam.—Do you know him?"

"I do not, sir; but I have heard my sister name him."

"So have I," said he; "and with a warmth peculiar only to a beloved object."

"I believe, sir," continued Mary, "that he once rescued Sabina from a perilous situation."

"And her grateful heart," said he, "has never forgotten the obligation."

An involuntary tear, at that moment, glistened in the eye of the love-sick girl; she strove to conceal the tender emotion, but it was observed by Mr. Singleton; he took her trembling hand:

"Charming girl!" said he, "I perceive you pity me; you feel for my disappointed hopes."

She was silent; he pressed her hand to his lips; bade adieu; and darted out of the room.

Sabina, unconscious of what had passed during the time she was engaged with the baroness, was surprised at what her sister related; yet, secretly rejoiced at the discovery made by Mr. Singleton, of her prior attachment.

He, stung to the heart by what he had learned, instantly left town, first addressing to Sabina the following epistle.

"Miss Melford will, perhaps, wonder at my sudden departure, and deem it a rudeness that I did not apprize her of my intentions. My fearful apprehensions, I have reason to believe, are but too fatally realized. The crisis of my fate I see is approaching; Sir Edward Aubery is my happy rival. Believe me, madam, nothing but a sense of his

superiority, and a prior claim to your esteem, which I am taught to believe he enjoys, should induce me to relinquish my pretensions. The fond remembrance of your unequalled charms, your exalted virtues, will ever live in the heart of your devoted

SINGLETON"

It was the hour of breakfast when Sabina received this letter; her visible agitation, as she perused it, was observed by Mrs. Wentworth.

"Does your letter, Sabina," said she, "contain any unpleasant information?"

"It gives me some concern, madam," answered Sabina, "that I should be the innocent cause of pain to any one. Do me the favor, madam, to read the letter?"

"What is the matter, ladies," said Mr. Wentworth.

"O, nothing of any consequence," rejoined Mrs. W. "Mr. Singleton has left town; and a few insinuations, with tender upbraidings; a lover's catechism, you know, chiefly compose the parting epistle."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Wentworth, "if that's all, he will not be absent long." Thus ended the conversation.

Some weeks now elapsed, and nothing of any moment occurred worth relating, until one evening a numerous party were assembled at Mr. Campbell's, when Mrs. Campbell was taken suddenly ill, and obliged to retire. The younger Mrs. Wentworth, the baroness, and Sabina, accompanied the invalid to her apartment.

The attention of the baroness, on entering the room, was attracted by a portrait, placed over the toilet; she viewed it with apparent agitation, and turning to Sabina, asked her if she knew whom it represented? Sabina said, she believed it to be the father of Mrs. Campbell, presented to her by Mrs. Wentworth.

"His name, my love?" said the baroness, "I do not recollect ever hearing you mention it."

"Middleton, madam."

The baroness caught Sabina's hand, pressed it to her breast in silent agony, and made a motion to quit the room. Sabina perceiving a wildness in her countenance, apologized to the ladies,

and attended her friend to another apartment.

"Go, my Sabina," said the baroness, faintly; "excuse me to the company; I am incapable of mixing any more to night with society. I must retire, my love; will you accompany me home?"

"With pleasure, my dear madam. But it alarms me to see you thus: I fear you are much indisposed."

"Oh, my dear, my only confidential friend!" said the baroness, "in your generous bosom I will repose a fatal, but hitherto mysterious truth. But step back, Sabina, and learn how your lovely friend is by this time."

Sabina returned to Mrs. Campbell's chamber, found her in bed, and some-

what better. She apologized to the company. The carriage was called, and, with the baroness, took her leave for the night. The coach was ordered to fetch Miss Wellenstorf home at eleven o'clock.

They retired to a private apartment; the baroness giving instructions to her maid that she would not be disturbed on any pretence whatsoever. The perturbed spirits of the baroness becoming more tranquil, she addressed Sabina as follows:

"Now, my beloved friend, attend to what I shall relate; and though my sad story brands me with a stain of guilt, which long, long has been buried in oblivion, a secret impulse prompts me to divulge to you the first and only error

of my life." That portrait, Sabina! retrospection harrows up my soul! Fatal moment when I beheld the original! I loved, and was betrayed: robbed of my innocence; I became a mother;—but, happily, my shame was never known to the world. My dear infant, at a fortnight old, was placed in the Foundling. I was abondoned to my own reflections; deserted by him, who alone should have protected me. Mrs. Campbell, who is the happy offspring of an honorable union, would, no doubt, despise the unfortunate victim of her father's perfidy, were she to know that such a wretch existed."

The baroness continued detailing a minute relation of facts.—"My marriage with Mr. Delrymple took place in

about six years subsequent to my unfortunate attachment to Mr. Middleton, whose mysterious silence had totally annihilated all my fond hopes of future happiness. My hapless situation was still further augmented by the death of an invaluable and only friend, with whom I had been reared and fostered from my infancy. These united circumstances alone tempted me to become the wife of Mr. Delrymple, for you may suppose, my dear, that such an union was far from a match of choice on my part, my husband being a man old enough to be my great grandfather: but I viewed it as the only alternative to save me from approaching misery.

After our marriage, he took me to his seat in Scotland, where, at the expiration of nine years, he paid the debt of nature, truly lamented by all who knew him; for he was a man of exemplary worth.

I found myself after his decease possessed of a genteel independence: his paternal estate devolved to a nephew.

Then it was that I determined to revisit the metropolis: long had the tender recollection of my dear child rankled at my heart. I strove to investigate the intricate annals of the Foundling, hoping to trace my daughter by the name of Thompson, as I had been taught to believe her thus registered: but, alas, all my researches proved

vain. She had been devoted, by her cruel father, to oblivion." The corroding pangs of maternal grief occasioned the baroness to pause.

Our heroine felt assured, from corroberating circumstances, that Mrs. Campbell was the daughter of her friend. She gazed upon her for some minutes, unable to articulate a single sentence.

The baroness resumed. "Ah, Sabina, I perceive that the recital of my fatal secret has shocked your sensibility. Yes, my love, innocence and purity, like thine, must shrink at the idea; thus to find the honor of her you have esteemed spotless as your own, tarnished by an unfortunate weakness; ages can never obliterate the sad remembrance of that guilty moment."

"Oh, my dear mistaken friend," replied our heroine; "could I be incapable even of a reproachful glance, I am unworthy of the sacred confidence you have reposed in me; or a continuance of your enviable friendship. That which you have confided to my bosom, is in oblivion buried by the ties of gratitude and unalterable esteem. Was it not you who performed the gentle office of affection and munificence to me, when sunk by unutterable anguish in a labyrinth of woe: and shall I dare to tax the conduct of my generous, my liberal benefactor. Does not your fair fame stand yet unsullied in the world's estimation. Judge not, therefore, so harshly of yourself, or so unworthily of your poor Sabina."

The entrance of Fanny closed the conversation; and the clock proclaiming the hour of rest, they retired for the night.

The bosom of our heroine beat with various emotions. The meeting between an alien daughter and the unconscious mother, presented to her imagination a scene of exquisite delight; yet, how was the disclosure to be accomplished. Conflicting passions, she saw, would wring the heart of her amiable friend; but to withold from their knowledge so tender a connection, she could by no means reconcile to her feelings.

She passed a sleepless night, and arose at an early hour, resolved to embrace the first favorable opportunity that might offer, of making this momentous incident known to Mrs. Campbell.

The baroness had not yet rang her bell: Sabina left a message with her woman; ordered a hackney coach, and reached home just as the family were sitting down to breakfast.

"Well, Sabina," said Mrs. Wentworth; "the baroness, I hope, is better this morning; I was really disappointed that we were deprived so early of her agreeable society: she is a charming amiable woman."

"I am happy to inform you, madam," replied Sabina, "that the baroness was only slightly indisposed; I have not seen her this morning; but hope, when I return, to find her perfectly recovered. How did you leave Mrs. Campbell last night, madam?"

"Oh," resumed Mrs. Wentworth, "much better; the fruit she eat after

dinner had disordered her stomach. I have ordered the carriage at eleven, and intend paying her a visit."

"With your permission, madam," replied Sabina, "I will accompany you."

"Do so, my dear," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"I purpose going to Christie's this morning," said Mr. Wentworth; "I understand there will be a grand exhibition of paintings. Suppose, girls, you accompany me; the sight will be novel to you."

The invitation was accepted by the two younger ladies; and Mrs. Wentworth with Sabina, drove to Grafton-street. They found Mrs. Campbell perfectly recovered from her evening's indisposition.

"I am happy, my dear madam," said she, "that you have brought Miss Melford with you. Frederic is gone this morning with a party of gentlemen to Windsor. We intend taking a journey into Yorkshire in a few days, to fetch home my little Helen, and I much wish Miss Melford would accompany us."

"I should imagine, my dear," said Mrs. Wentworth, "that Sabina would have no objection to the excursion; but I shall leave you to settle your plans. I have several visits to make; so adieu, ladies."

As soon as Mrs. Wentworth had taken her leave, Mrs. Campbell again urged Sabina to make one of their party to York.

"With pleasure, madam," she replied; "and now permit me to request

you will retire with me for a few minutes to your dressing-room, as there we shall have less chance of being interrupted. I have a circumstance to communicate to you, which, I am persuaded, will give joy to your susceptible heart."

"Any circumstance that affords you happiness, Miss Melford," rejoined Mrs. Campbell, "cannot fail of contributing to mine."

"Ah, my dear madam," continued Sabina, "there is a blessing in store for you, which I, by an unkind fate, have long since been robbed of."

"What blessing, Miss Melford, in addition to those I now possess, can possibly await me?"

"A mother's blessing, madam."

"My mother!" rejoined Mrs. Campbell.—Oh! has indulgent heaven then preserved the life of *her* who gave me being? And shall I infold a parent in my arms? Oh tell me, my dear friend, in what sequestered spot I shall find the sacred treasure. Oh let me fly and snatch her from obscurity."

"My dear madam, compose and calm your agitated spirits; you will shortly behold her, but not in obscurity. She adorns a sphere of life splendid as your own. My inestimable friend, the baroness"—

"Does she know my mother?" continued the impatient Mrs. C——.

"Indeed she does," said Sabina. "Come, let us wait upon that amiable

woman; she will fondly participate in this auspicious discovery."

The carriage was ordered, and the ladies hastened to the house of the unconscious parent; they found her alone; a sad melancholy seemed depicted in her countenance. Sabina took her hand.

"My dear madam, I am come the messenger of glad tidings. I have informed Mrs. Campbell that you knew her parents; and she unites with me her ardent wish to wipe for ever from *those* swollen eyes the tear of maternal solicitude."

The baroness evinced great confusion. She gazed at Sabina; and bursting into tears, replied,

"I once thought, Sabina, I could have trusted *you*: but no matter."

"Oh, my beloved friend, I cannot bear to hear you chide," replied Sabina; "it is true I have betrayed my trust, but, by so doing, I restore to your arms a long-lost, much-lamented child. Look up, my dear madam, and behold your daughter."

The sensations of surprise and joy at so unexpected a discovery, may be easier conceived than described; and the little deception practised by our heroine served to heighten the exquisite joy which was naturally felt by the mother and daughter at such an important crisis. An *eclaircissement* now took place, to the mutual satisfaction of each party.

When the exquisite pleasure resulting from this fond meeting had a little subsided, the conversation became ge-

neral, upon various subjects: the baroness expressed her warmest approbation in perceiving the growing attachment between Miss Wellenstorf and Henry Melford; and observed that a few months would terminate her minority.

"The generous girl," continued the baroness, "has proposed to her guardian, a plan for the permanent establishment of your brother, addressing herself to Sabina. A partnership in the banking-house in which he now resides, she intends to secure, by depositing a certain portion of her fortune in the hands of the proprietors.

A rap at the door now announced Fanny's return from an airing she had taken with Mrs. Cookson. In the course of the day it was agreed that the

baroness and Miss Wellenstorff were to join the party to York; and, at a late hour, they separated for the night.

It was about the hour of ten when Sabina reached home: several carriages were standing near the door, which convinced her that a party of friends had assembled for the evening. She knew that no previous mention had been made of any visitors; therefore imagined them to consist entirely of their own family connections; but how great was her astonishment on entering the drawing-room, to behold Mr. Singleton, accompanied by Mr. Markham. Sabina very naturally felt embarrassed at so unexpected an interview. Mrs. Alton, who was likewise present, felt for the awkwardness of her situation.

took her hand, and led her to a table where sat Mr. Onslow, her brother, engaged in a rubber at whist with the younger Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, to whom she introduced our heroine, it being the first time she had ever seen that gentleman. The elder Wentworth, with Mrs. Alton's father and mother, were engaged at quadrille; and Messrs. Temple, Singleton, and Markham, were playing at lansquenet with Mary and Eliza Melford. Mr. Singleton, on the entrance of Sabina, had noticed her only as politeness dictated: he appeared extremely chearful, chatted with the young ladies in a peculiar stile of ease and familiarity. Our heroine observed it; and, with a singular degree of pleasure, she considered it

as a happy omen of his declining passion for herself, and a growing predeliction for her sister.

After supper the visitors withdrew; and, as nothing of any moment occurred during the evening worth relating, we shall proceed to the relation of an extraordinary incident which terminates the fate of our heroine, and finally closes the work. A few days subsequent to this evening, the party, as had been proposed, commenced their journey into Yorkshire; and, by easy stages, reached the capital on the third day. Happiness spread its joyful influence over every countenance: the parents embraced their darling child. Sabina felt the warm glow of fraternal affection when she beheld her two innocent

sisters, whose little hearts bounded with excessive joy at the unexpected interview. Yet there was an aching void in her own bosom which ever proved a drawback upon her pleasures. The unkind fatality which thwarted her expectations of ever again meeting with the accomplished, the amiable, Aubery, rendered her secretly wretched.

After passing a week at York, they set out again for the metropolis. It was about seven o'clock in the evening on the second day when they reached Barnet, where they changed horses, it being the last stage; the night was extremely dark. Mr. Campbell examined his pistols, and requested the servants would keep up close to the carriage, observing that the remaining part of the

road was very dangerous. His fears were indeed prophetic of what might occur; for, long before they reached Highgate, they were attacked by three men on horseback. Mr. Campbell gave them a purse which he had previously made up for the occasion; but the gentlemen, dissatisfied with their booty, insisted upon the ladies delivering their watches and money. At that moment one of the grooms fired, and shot the villain who had posted himself at the horses heads. One of them immediately returned the salute; but providentially no mischief ensued. The reiterated screams of the ladies, added to the report of the fire-arms, was heard by a party of gentlemen, who instantly rode up to the carriage, and the

fellows made a precipitate retreat. One of the gentlemen advised Mr. Campbell to alight at the first house, which he observed was a short distance. Mrs. Campbell and Sabina were so much alarmed, that when the carriage stopped, the gentlemen assisted to carry them into the house. The baroness and Fanny, seemingly possessed of more fortitude than the former ladies, strove to re-animate their spirits by administering the usual means in similar cases to recal their fleeting senses. The gentlemen, after having assisted them to an apartment by the aid of a lanthorn, retired to another room; but in a few minutes returned to enquire after the welfare of the affrighted females. They had now sufficiently recovered from the

shock to proceed on their journey. As they approached the door, they were met by the gentlemen. The baroness led the van—and was hastening forward, when a voice exclaimed, "Mrs. Dalrymple!"—"Is it possible!" returned the baroness. "I am rejoiced at the incident, unpleasant as it has been, which gives me an opportunity of meeting with Sir Edward Aubery."

Sabina's ear caught the enchanting sound: the name of Aubery thrilled through every tender fibre of her heart. She was reclining on the arm of Miss Wellenstorff. She heaved a sigh, and softly exclaimed, "O God!" and threw herself into a chair. The enraptured lover instantly espied the fainting fair—threw himself at her feet; and, turn-

ing to the baroness, eagerly demanded—"Still may I call this angel by the name of Melford? Oh, speak, madam, and ease me of this torturing suspence."—"She is, sir," rejoined the baroness, "*still* Melford, the same unaltered Sabina you once knew her."—"Heaven be praised," replied the impassioned Aubery; "a gleam of happiness now dawns upon my soul. Fate, auspicious fate, has reserved for me this adored, this long-lamented treasure. Look on me, thou angelic woman. Speak to your faithful Edward." Sabina held out her hand: he pressed it to his bosom. "Oh, my Sabina, this blest moment overpays me tenfold for all my miseries past." A sweet engaging look of approbation from our heroine rati-

fied his sanguine hope that she participated in the joy he felt. The happy pair received the warm congratulations of all present, and Mr. Campbell entreated Sir Edward with his friends to accompany them to his house. The invitation was chearfully accepted; and, in a little better than an hour, they all arrived safe in Grafton-street. Mr. Campbell, who had experienced most acutely the pangs of disappointed love, as also the exquisite pleasure of a reunion with the beloved object of his adoration, felt particularly interested in this tender scene; and, on entering at the door, "Permit me, Miss Melford," said he, taking her hand, "to speak with you in my study." He led her to a seat. "Excuse me a moment," con-

tinued he; and, quitting the room, instantly returned with Sir Edward. "Pardon me, Miss Melford; but privacy ever was congenial to lovers; and, I trust, will prove consonant with your reciprocal sentiments. Adieu for the present." The mysterious circumstances which an untoward fate had so long enveloped, were now explained, and the ravished Aubery urged his mistress to name the happy day which would unite them never more to part. To *that* request prudence and feminine coyness forbid her to make a definitive reply; but with every assurance which delicacy could sanction, she evinced her unshaken attachment, and Sir Edward took his leave for that night, under the joyful persuasion that a short time

would ultimately crown his future happiness.

Our heroine was now about to reap the delicious fruits of her exemplary virtues. A uniform perseverance in the paths of duty, honour, and rectitude, was the basis on which her unerring principles had been founded from her early dawn. The summit of her wishes seemed within her reach; and retrospection tended to relax her powers of discrimination. She viewed the dispensations allotted her by the wisdom of omnipotence as blessings. Providence was now guiding her steps to that pinnacle of temporal felicity, from whence the shafts of envy, nor the malignant breath of calumny, could never remove her.

It being a late hour before the gentlemen took their leave, Sabina continued the remainder of the night in Grafton-street; and the ensuing morning hastened home, eager to communicate to her sisters the joyful tidings: an increase of pleasure awaited her arrival, Mr. Singleton having made a declaration of love to Mary Melford. Thus were these amiable sisters pouring forth the effusions of their hearts in a language of exquisite sensibility, when Mrs. Wentworth, who had just quitted her own room, entered the apartment: "Ah, Sabina," said she, "when did you arrive, my dear? we expected you last night." Sabina replied, and related the occurrence of the evening. "I sincerely congratulate you, my love," continued

Mrs. Wentworth, "on this singular and fortunate event. Come, let us now repair to the breakfast parlour; your grandfather is waiting." Mr. Wentworth, in his usual affectionate stile, welcomed Sabina's return. Mrs. W—— took her hand; and, addressing herself to Mr. Wentworth: "I have the pleasure, my dear, of presenting to you the affianced wife of the gallant Sir Edward Aubery. The veil of mystery is withdrawn. Miss Melford's repugnance to your proposed alliance was founded on a principle which exhibits her in a most amiable point of view." A modest blush suffused the lovely countenance of our heroine. Mrs. Wentworth continued: "Sabina, you have acted as becomes the dignity of your

sex; and the happiness which awaits you is the just reward of intrinsic merit, and which *you* have evinced in an eminent degree throughout your life." Come, come, my good girl," replied Mr. Wentworth; " blush not in so laudable a cause; if the baronet claims a priority in your esteem, you are justified: give your hand, my child, to that man who possesses your heart; you have my hearty concurrence." In the course of the day, Sir Edward paid his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth: they received him with a polite and cordial welcome. During this interview, Mr. Singleton, in his curricle, drove up to the door, alighted, and was hastening up stairs, when Mrs. Wentworth met him, and begged she might have the

honor of presenting him to Sir Edward Aubery. Some years had elapsed since they had seen each other; a conversation upon general topics ensued. "Miss Melford, I presume, is returned from her excursion, madam," said Mr. Singleton. "I hope she is well."—"She arrived last night," replied Mrs. W——, "and she is very well."—"Ah," said Mr. Wentworth, "had I been peremptory with Sabina, long before this she would have sacrificed her hopes of happiness to the shrine of duty. She would have been your wife, Singleton."—"And I," said he, "should have been wretched. Nature has formed her to adorn a more splendid sphere. She is an inestimable jewel; who would not contend for such a treasure! Sir Ed-

ward Aubery, the companion of my youth, has won the prize: wear it Aubery next your heart, and you will be a happy man."—"My generous friend," replied Sir Edward, "I have beheld you by her side; I have seen her sweetly smile upon you; and have cursed the hour that gave me being. One day or other I will relate to you the history of my secret wanderings. In short, I viewed you as my happy rival; yet I had not the most distant recollection of your person."

Mr. Singleton now enquired for the young ladies; observed that Mr. Markham and he had, on the preceding day, appointed to escort them as far as Richmond Hill. "My friend," continued he, "is to join us in Hyde Park."

Mary and Eliza were summoned to the parlour. Mr. Singleton took his leave, and Sir Edward paid his respects to Sabina.

Every thing in these united families wore the appearance of permanent felicity. Preparations were making for the completion of Sir Edward's happiness; the day fixed for *their* nuptials, was also to unite Henry Melford and Miss Wellenstorff.

One morning as Sabina and the above lady had been purchasing some articles of dress in Bond-street, and were stepping into the carriage, a miserable female object begged charity of them; Fanny was proceeding to relieve her, and looking in her face, reconnoitered the features of the unfeeling monster

with whom she had suffered unparalleled woes: the conscience-struck wretch had not forgotten the injured victim of her perfidy. She gazed for a moment on the astonished girl, who was about to speak to her, and hastened from the carriage. Fanny's forgiving heart yielded to sympathy, and would have recalled her, but guilt gave her wings, and she was instantly out of sight.

"In that unhappy woman," she observed to Sabina, "you witness, my dear, a sad momento of cruelty and dissimulation. She it was to whom my beloved, my revered father, innocently sacrificed his only child."

"Ah, my dear Fanny," replied our heroine, "you see the hand of justice has pursued her; the father of the fa-

therless has avenged your wrongs; virtue is rewarded, vice is punished; you are happy, and she is miserable."

The reader, no doubt, must recollect that in a former page, mention is made of Mr. Wentworth's eager wish to discover the mother of his niece; but Mrs. Campbell felt a delicate reluctance in revealing a circumstance which she conceived might cast an odium on the character of a beloved parent: she intimated the same to the baroness, who, in the most pathetic terms, expressed her repugnance to such an event taking place. The secret therefore remained buried in the breast of Mrs. Campbell and Sabina.

As soon as Sir Edward Aubery had completed the necessary repairs and

alterations at his country seat, and arranged his town establishment, he received from the hand of Mr. Wentworth, that inestimable gem his heart had long panted to possess: and our beauteous heroine, who, but a few years back, was enveloped under the sable cloud of misfortune, pining under the pressure of unmerited sufferings, is now led forth, a star of the first magnitude.

She is presented to our amiable sovereign. The court rings with the fame of Lady Aubery. She is the alpha and omega at home and abroad. She becomes every hour more endeared to her husband, adored by her domestics, and idolized by her friends.

The amiable Fanny, now Mrs. Melford, claims her due proportion of es-

teem and admiration. The sisters of Lady Aubery bid fair to enter the matrimonial list. The widow Alton had stolen a march upon the junior parties, and had given her hand to Mr. Temple during a short residence at Bath, a few weeks prior to their nuptuals.

And now having witnessed the ultimate felicity of these worthy and united families, and the due punishment and overthrow of abandoned characters, we will close the subject; trusting, that though our readers may not altogether approve, they will mildly censure, when informed that the present work is the author's first attempt.

FINIS.

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